Fret fetlock deep in gore, and, with wild rage,
Yerk out their armed heels [4] at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies,

K. HEN. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours, or no:
For yet a many of your horsemen peer*
And gallop o'er the field.

MONT. The day is yours.

K. HEN. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!—
What is this castle call'd, that stands hard by?

MONT. They call it—Agincourt.

K HEN.* Then call we this—the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

FLU. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the black prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most brave battle here in France.

K. HEN. They did, Fluellein.

FLU. Your majesty says very true: If your majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did good service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmoutli caps[5]; which, your ma-

glanced on the line beneath. Mr. Pope unnecessarily rejected both words, reading—"*while* their wounded steeds," in which he was followed by the subsequent editors. MALONE.

* YERK out their ARMED heels —] So, in The Weakest goeth to the Wall, 1600:

[46] Their neighing gennets, *armed* to the field,
[fe] "*Doverk* and fling, and beat the sullen ground"*

STEEVENS.

5 — MONMOUTH caps :] *Monmouth caps* were formerly much worn. From the following stanza in an old ballad of The Caps, printed in The Antidote against Melancholy, 1661, p. 31, it appears they were particularly worn by soldiers: